TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

HENRY B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY. } PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

☞Sixteen lines make a square.

☞The following poem, written by a young English poetess, is taken from the Ladys' Book for September:

WASHINGTON.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

Land of the West! though passing brief
The record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all
On history's wide page;
Let all the blasts of Fame ring out—
Thine shall be loudest far,
Let others boast their satellites—
Thou hast the planet star,
Thou hast a name whose characters,
Of high shall ne'er depart,
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain,
And warms the cloudest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land
Where freedom's to be won—
Land of the West, it stands alone—
It is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave;
But stain was on his wreath—
He lived the heartless conqueror,
And died the tyrant's death!
France had its Eagle, but his wings,
Though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight,
And dripped in murder's gore.
Those hero gods, whose mighty sway
Would fain have chained the waves,
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal
To make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path,
Still fiercely waded on,
Oh! where shall be their glory by
The side of Washington.

He fought, but not with love of strife—
He struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe,
He sought to be a friend;
He strove to keep his country's right
By reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw
The challenge sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise,
The patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate,
No burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth,
And dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory came forth
The name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through
A city filled with grief,
No groaning captives at the wheels
Proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery
With strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links
When he had broke the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay
His soldier trappings down,
To change them for a regal vest,
And don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy
Too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask
Her noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—
My loved my native earth;
The land that holds a mother's grave
And gave that mother birth,
Oh! keenly sad would be the fate
That thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath, that sighed,
"Farewell for ever more!"
But did I meet such adverse lot,
I would not seek to dwell,
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds
For Home's song to tell;
Away thou gallant ship! I'd cry,
And bear me swiftly on,
But bear me from my own fair land
To that of Washington!

LONDON, 1839.

The Blind Harper.

He stood beside his silent harp,
That poor and sightless man;
And muteless o'er the slumbering chords,
His wasted fingers ran,

There was a tear upon his cheek,
Fall'n from his mindless eye;
The quenching of the visual ray,
Leaves not that fountain dry.

Some by-gone sorrow stirr'd the fount,
Some mem'ry of the dead:
Some flitting harmony which spoke
Of days of promise fled.

That chord has touched an answering chord,
And memory's hand portrays;
Upon the mental retina,
"The light of other days."

Alas for thee! has all been dark,
In this fair world of ours?
Its hills, its dales, its woods and wilds—
Its sunshine and its flowers.

Its birds and butterflies that flit,
With bright and beauteous wings,
The broad blue vault, the depthless sea,
With its thousand living things.

The many fair young forms which pass,
Where'er the eye can roam,
Which shed such love and loveliness,
On many a joyous home.

The bright and deep tinged eye of jet,
The blue's more melting ray;
The wreaths of curls about the brow,
Where mind and music play.

The smile upon the lip, the glance
Which kindest thoughts bespeak;
The lilies of the forehead fair,
The roses of the cheek.

A blank to thee! poor sightless man—
Then surely those who see:
Should spare thee something from the store
Of gifts, denied to thee.

From the Correspondent of the Boston Daily.

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1840.

M. THIERS.

M. Thiers is a small man, with rather an effeminate voice and look, but notwithstanding he is a man of great capacity. He is what we call a self made man. He has written the best work on the French revolution, he has been the most powerful writer for the press in France, he has made capital and effective speeches in the chamber of Deputies, he is now prime minister; and less than 20 years ago he was poor and unknown, inheriting nothing but poverty and disgrace, living in obscure lodgings, and not knowing from day to day when or how he was to get a dinner. In April next M. Thiers will be forty four years of age, and in less than half that number of years he has built himself a name, and developed a character that may be envied by many an older and better man. His father was a locksmith, and at eighteen the son was entered as a law student, and applied himself with alacrity and perseverance to the study of literature, philosophy and history, identifying himself with the party of the people, and enlisting himself on the side of the revolutionists His talents were great, his writings forcible. He wrote a theme for the prize of the Academy of Aix, which, although acknowledged the best, was in consequence of coming from him rejected, and the decision of the prize was postponed to another year. In the meantime a new competitor for the prize appeared, who sent his manuscript from Paris. The production eclipsed all others, and was pronounced successful, when lo! on opening the sealed packet containing the author's name, who should it be but the little jacobin Thiers. He had written an entire new treatise, and having got a friend to copy it and put it into the post office at Paris, it had unexpected by the learned members of the Academy, gained for him the prize.

Having been admitted to the bar of Aix he did not succeed, because he was known as the poor son of a poor man, and he concluded to come to Paris to seek his fortune. He was rich in hope, in ambition and in talents, but even here he was for some time in obscurity and poverty. But he knew that fortune was a fickle goddess, and he watched her with a keen eye to take advantage of the first chance she should give him, to rise to the station he coveted. In 1820 he made the acquaintance of Manuel the great orator, and Lafitte, and became one of the writers for the Constitutionnel, one of the best papers in Paris. Here he shone pre-eminent for the nerve, the richness and the beauty of his contributions, and soon he became personally acquainted with great men of the day. He was a frequent visitor at Talleyrand's, and he is frequently called in derision by the opposition, the "would be Talleyrand" of the day. He is a man of great judgment and of much observation, and rarely allows any thing to escape his memory. From a mere writer in the Constitutionnel, he soon became a proprietor, and, fortune having gone well with him, he assumed the dandy, and was to be found every day at Tortoni's, and kept his horse to ride in the Bois de Bologne. The Constitutionnel did not suit his purposes after a while. It was too old fashioned, and he wanted something fresher. Accordingly in 1828 he founded a new paper called the National, which took a stand more democratic, and was the mouth piece of the revolutionary party. In the National M. Thiers showed his industry and his vigor. He attacked the government of Charles X, and goaded on Polignac to the utmost. He kept his post when other journalists were afraid to speak, and was only driven from it at last by force. M. Thiers took an active part in the revolution of July, 1830, and it was he with Lafitte that induced the Duke of Orleans to accept the crown. He made part of the first cabinet of Louis Phillippe, as under secretary to the minister of finances. He was soon after elected deputy for Aix, and made his first appearance in the Chambers. The Lafitte ministry having been obliged to resign, Cassimir Perrier became prime minister, and the opposition counted upon M. Thiers as their leader, but he disappointed them, and came out with an eloquent and able speech against all their propositions. On the subject of the Hereditary peerage, democrat and jacobin as he always had been, he proved himself even more ministerial than the ministry themselves. His speech on the occasion is said to have been most masterly. The hereditary plan fell to the ground, but from this moment M. Thiers was stamped as one of the first orators of the Chamber, and he retains his rank to this day. It is useless to follow him through all the politics of France to this time. He has, I believe, either directly or indirectly been a part of every cabinet since 1830 until 1838, when he was found on the opposition benches.

In March, 1840, M. Thiers became Prime minister, and whatever may be said of his acts, he has shown himself so far an able one. There are many who doubt whether he will be able to sustain himself through the coming session of the Chambers, and the opposition are making vigorous efforts to oust him if possible. So much for M. Thiers as a public man. In private he is affable to those he meets, and a companion whose society is to be coveted, but beyond this we are permitted to know nothing. It is said that he has not always done what he should, and that he was indirectly concerned in the speculations and the Exchange about the first of August; these matters of private scandal, however, are what you in America have nothing to do with.

Employment of Royalty.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to your readers to read, as it was to me to hear, the routine of her Majesty's daily occupation whilst she is in London. They are *mutatis mutandis*, the same when she is at Windsor or at Brighton. The Queen is, as is generally known, an early riser, seldom being in bed later than half-past seven, except on the mornings after her state balls, or on those few occasions when she honors the parties of the nobility with her presence. Her bell is rung about eight o'clock for her "dressers," and by nine her majesty, her royal consort, and her household are at breakfast. The time occupied by this meal is about half an hour, when her majesty, if the weather permits, enjoys the air in the pleasure-gardens attached to Buckingham Palace: this garden covers a space of forty acres.—Here the Queen frequently remains an hour, and is accompanied by some of the household or by the Prince. When she is accompanied by the latter, etiquette prescribes that except by invitation, the ladies and gentlemen in attendance should walk at a respectful distance. Upon her Majesty's return to the palace, she is attended by her secretary, when she affixes her signature to the various documents which acquire their validity by it. These comprise treasury and other warrants, the commissions of military officers, states papers, &c.; and they are frequently so numerous, that it has before now required more than two hours to get through this business. The Queen passes the time between one and three, either in conversation, reading, painting, or music. In these two accomplishments her Majesty is eminently proficient; her drawings are much admired, and her love for music is well known; she is excellent both as an instrumental and vocal performer. There are three piano-fortes in the suite of three drawing rooms usually inhabited, but that which is especially her Majesty's, and which is only touched by her fingers, is magnificent; it is rosewood, inlaid with gold and vignette pictures, and cost 1,500 guineas. Luncheon is served at three, after which the Queen receives the Cabinet Ministers and such other persons whom it is usual to honor with audiences. At five the royal cortege leaves the palace, and proceeds through the parks, &c., and generally returns about seven or a quarter after. Dinner is generally served about seven or a quarter before eight, except on opera nights when it is a little earlier. The usual number of persons who dine at the royal table is about thirty. The Queen never fails to be present, except upon the nights of a ball, either at the palace or elsewhere. On those occasions, her Majesty dines in her own suite of apartments. The Queen, who occupies the centre seat of the dinner table, remains from an hour and five minutes to an hour and a quarter. Her rising is the signal for the ladies to move after her, and in a very short time subsequent to this move the gentlemen follow. During dinner time the band of one of the regiments of Guards generally attends. The musicians are placed in a situation above the ceiling of the apartment. They are separated from the royal party by large panes of ground glass, which mellow the sound, and prevent the musicians seeing into the apartment. Tea and coffee are served immediately after dinner, in a small room leading from one of the drawing rooms. The remainder of the evening is passed with music and conversation, in both of which the Queen and Prince Albert take a part; and about half past eleven her Majesty retires to her apartments, which are in the immediate vicinity of the drawing rooms, and with which there is a communication by means of a door that is ordinarily concealed by a cabinet. This cabinet is on rollers; and it is when her Majesty expresses a desire to retire immediately rolled sufficiently far away to enable the door to be opened, and is replaced again as soon as she has quitted the apartment.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT GONE.—Died, in this city, on Saturday morning last, Mr. William Pierce, aged 96 years. Mr. P. was one of the few remaining survivors of the celebrated Boston Tea Party, and was a revolutionary pensioner. He was present at the lecture given by the lamented B. B. Thatcher, on the subject of throwing the tea overboard, a few years since, at the Masonic Temple. He died of old age, under the infirmities of which, he was supported by the Gospel he had publicly professed.—*Boston Transcript.*

ALPINE FARMERS.—The Farmers of the Upper Alps, though by no means wealthy, live like lords in their houses; while the heaviest portion of agricultural labors devolves on the wife. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman yoked to the plough with an ass, while the husband guides it. A farmer of the Upper Alps accounts it an act of politeness to lend his wife to labour for a neighbor who is too much oppressed with work, and the neighbor in his turn lends his wife for a few days' work, whenever the favor is requested.

INFANT HOLINESS.—Ann, third daughter of Charles I., died in her infancy, when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God, even when the pangs of death were upon her, "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer," meaning the Lord's prayer, "but I will say my short one:—'Lighten mine eyes O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.'" This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Harriet Livermore.

Those of the readers of the Messenger, and others who listened some years since to the public lectures of Miss Harriet Livermore, in which she enlarged upon the wrongs of the "poor Indian," and dwelt much upon the near approach of the Millenium, will doubtless be gratified to learn her whereabout.

Eight years ago she lectured in our own city of Richmond, since which time she has visited many of the tribes of our Western Indians, and at one time proposed to spend the remainder of her days with the red people in the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth, but her intentions were frustrated, she says, by the machinations of the commander and the Indian agent, who wished to dislodge her. Perplexed and disappointed, she was then led to exclaim "What shall I do?" and a still small voice seemed to reply—"Peace be unto thee—thou shalt go to Jerusalem." Accordingly we have before us a letter from her, dated in the confines of Judea. Yea, twice has this, in many respects, extraordinary woman visited the sepulchres of the prophets, and now she says, "it is to die there."

Believe what we may, there is something simple, beautiful and affecting in all this: this unhesitating faith, this self-sacrificing obedience to the dictates of duty. It is a spirit akin to the primitive Christian's; a spirit, which the selfishness, the expediency, the greediness of gain, and the matter-of-fact character of the age in which we live, are fast extinguishing from amid us. It is akin to that which swayed the good, ay, even the great Oberlin, great with small means, and the pastor and legislator of the secluded Ban de la Roche. Miss Livermore may accomplish nothing to be hereafter blazoned on the roll of fame; but the simple love of truth and duty paramount in her own mind will bring to her its "own exceeding great reward."

At the date of her letter she had scarcely reached her place of destination, and it is accordingly filled with details gratifying to her private friends, but of hardly sufficient interest for the public eye. It abounds with sentiments of the most ardent piety, and faith in Him who has hitherto protected her in her solitary pilgrimage, and who has promised to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." It must be borne in mind that she travels alone, apparently unpatronized by any of our missionary boards.

At Gibraltar she was hospitably entertained by our worthy consul, Mr. Sprague, who seems not unmindful of the apostolical injunction to "entertain strangers." With a pleasure highly cred table to her heart, she dwells upon the many proofs of kindness and benevolence she experienced in his amiable family, and the substantial comforts they provided for her long and perilous journey.

While entering the bay of Malta she was saluted with the familiar air of "Hail Columbia," played by a Maltese, who came along side, and thus did honor to her country. She threw him some coin, while her thoughts were far away with the home and country she should see no more.

We trust to hear again from her, with particulars of the city made holy by the footsteps of the Saviour, and the witness of his death and resurrection. The remarkable aspect of the times, the change of the seat of war between civilized communities, from Europe to the ancient Aceldama of Asia, and the concurrent testimony of prophecy, whether to be understood literally or otherwise, seem to point out this portion of the earth as a theatre on which great events are yet to be revealed. The circumstance of the Rothschilds holding a mortgage of the Holy City, which seems to be well authenticated, adds not a little to the peculiar interest with which all eyes regard this interesting portion of the world.

Translated from the French.

The Deaf Man.

A young Parisian, who went with a numerous party to Lyons to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the second city of the kingdom, thus relates an adventure which he had:

We were lodged at the best inn, found excellent company there. The evening before our departure, I was in the court yard about five o'clock, when a man entered, leading his horse by the bridle.

"Take care of my horse," said he to the servant.

"We have not any room for your horse," replied the servant, "seek another stable."

"That is right," said the man, "I shall think of you to-morrow."

"I told you," said the servant, "that we had no room; our stable is full."

"Very well," replied the man, "you look like a good boy; take care of my beast."

"I believe this man is a fool," said the boy, seeing the stranger walk to the kitchen; what can he wish me to do with his horse?"

"I think he is deaf," said I to him; "take care of the horse; you will be responsible for him."

"I followed the man to the kitchen. The hostess made him the same compliment as her servant; he replied he was much obliged to her, and begged her not to fatigue herself by making him compliments, for he was so deaf, that he could not hear a cannon shot. He immediately took a chair and seated himself near the fire, as if he was at home. The hostess saw there was no means of getting rid of this man, who was determined to take a slumber in his chair. I went into the parlor, where I told the company of the hostess' embarrasment. They laughed at it, and I, above all, who did not believe that I should be the dupe of the adventure. Supper was served, and our gentleman came and seated himself by the door; we asked him to come to the table, and not make himself a stranger; he apparently thought we wished to put him in the most distinguished place, for he replied that he was too polite to put himself at the head of the table.

Seeing it was impossible to make him hear us, it was necessary to take patience; he eat as much as four others, and when the bill was presented to him, he drew thirty cents from his pocket and threw it on the table. The expense of each one of us was much more; this they tried to make him understand, but he always replied that he was not a man to suffer others to pay his debts, and that he was much obliged to us for wishing to defray it; and although he was full of money, which he doubtless said because they give him back his money in order that he might give more. In the mean time, he made a bow and went out, leaving us bursting with laughter. A minute after the servant came in and told me to go and defend my bed, of which this man had taken possession. We all went up but he had barricaded the door, and we knew it would be useless to knock at it. As he spoke to himself we listened.

"How miserable is my condition!" said he, "they try to force my door open, and I shall not be able to hear them; I have no other resource but to watch all night with candles burning so as to be able to use my pistols if they undertake to rob me."

"He had not the trouble; I passed the night near the fire and willingly pardoned the man, who appeared to me so much to be pitied. He arose early the next morning, gave thirty cents for the expense of his horse, and, having mounted him, he addressed me:

"I ask your pardon," said he, "for having taken your bed. One of my friends, who had been refused lodgings here, bet me twenty louis d'ors that I could not get accommodated; this sum is worth being deaf for. As to the rest, sir, I understand by your conversation that you are going to take the steamboat; I shall meet you there, and shall beg you to accept a good breakfast to repair the bad night which you have passed.

He hastily departed after these words, and left us much astonished at the sang froid with which he had played his part.

FROM THE N. O. PICAYUNE.

GREEN ROOM DROLLERIES.

The play was the Lady of the Lake, and a massive gold chain was wanted for King James to put around Ellen's neck, in the last scene.

The property book direction was briefly "*A chain for Fitz-James.*"

Whether somebody had been hoaxing the property man, or whether the thing arose purely out of his own stupidity, we never discovered, but when Fitz-James walked into the green-room at night, in his royal silk and velvet robes, and snow-white gauntlets, ready for the last scene, clank, we heard a most extraordinary clatter in the vicinity of the property room, and in came poor "Fly," (the property man) *dragging*, for he couldn't carry it, an enormous rusty iron chain, such as is used in transporting blocks of granite through the streets!

"Mr. Fitz-James, here's your chain sir," said poor Fly.

"*What!*" almost shocked the royal Saxon, while the whole company, then present in the green-room, went off into convulsions of laugter.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed the stage manager, rushing up from the prompt place, "you're disturbing the audience—for Heaven's sake stop this laughing."

"Laughing, sir, laughing," said indignant Fitz-James, "they would laugh, sir, if the thunder of doomsday was now crocking over the house! Will you be so kind, sir, as to look at the chain that this man has brought me to put around the neck of Ellen Douglas!"

The office of stage manager is a most responsible one to fill; gravity of countenance is almost indispensible. Our worthy stage director had, unfortunately for the dignity of his position, a set of risibles that always went off like powder at the first spark of fun. He took one glance at the enormous chain cable, grasped his sides suddenly, and then, seeing the sofas engaged, and it not being polite to roll on the floor before ladies, he bounced out of the green-room, and flung himself down behind the wings, rolling and choking with laughter. This was throwing brimstone into the fire. Every body jumped up to see the manager roll, and the ladies gave themselves up to downright and uncontrollable ecstacies. The people in front looked at one another in consternation at hearing female screams proceeding from behind the scenes, and the actors on the stage forgot their parts, and said to each other, (aside,) "What under Heaven is going on in the green-room!"

"My royal liege said Ellen Douglas, (a very charming young lady played her part,) addressing Fitz James, "if you put that chain around my neck, you will *overpower* me, indeed you will."

Poor Fly stood in the centre of the group with an end of the chain in one hand, and his property book in the other, looking now at the book and then at the chain, and then at the facetious crew around him, a most irresistible picture of ludicrous wonder.

"Why, lady," said the gallant King James, "you need n't fear it; a chain used to decorate a *Fly*, cannot be too heavy for a lady."

"Still I do not wish to be under such a *weight* of even royal bounty," returned the lady.

"Well, the devil fly away with this man-Fly," said the manager, picking himself up. "Drag out that chain cable, sir, and ladies and gentlemen, please straighten your faces for the last scene."

So the lady Ellen lent King James a chain of her own to use, and the play went on.

An Orator done up.

We have plenty of such cattle as are below described in New York; and shall see enough of them between this day and November 15th. After that date they will go into retiracy until the Spring Election. The sketch is from the Clipper:—*Brother Jonathan.*

"Feller citizens," exclaimed an *independent* orator on Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock, while he held on to a lamp-post with one arm, and lashed the air with the other. "Feller citizens! I'm the man what stands up (when I'm not drunk) for individual rights! Hurra for our side!—it's no use of arguing the question, friends and feller citizens—I'm as dry as blazes, and havn't taken a horn for the last five minutes. Down with ab-b-bolitionism and temperance societies! them's my sentiments, and I'm likewise friendly to universal *sufferings*. Go it, roarers and busters!"

Hereupon the tremendous outpouring of eloquence became so overpowering, that he forsook his best friend, the lamp-post, and made a lurch into the gutter. "I'm in for it," continued he, "to your tents, oh! Israel!—the last link is broken, and I'm a gone sucker. Friends and feller-citizens, d'ye see them stars wot blinks in the blue heavens? Sooner shall they fly from their e—etherel *spears* than I from the position I have taken in this affair! I'm for a free expression of sentiments, and no gag law—hurra for me! them's my sentiments!"

"Look here, mister," said the watch, interrupting the strain of pure and unadulterated patriotism, "though you have no audience but myself, you appear to be well *backed*—and speak in a *gutter*-el tone. Why, man, you can't *stand up* for your cause."

"Do you mean to doubt my p—p—patriotism, mister?" asked the orator, making a motion to take the floor erect. "Do you mean to insinerwate that I can't support my arguments nor myself either? Friends and feller citizens—I guv in my vote like a man—I went the whole figure. Listen to the voice of the patriot who fought, bled and died for—look here, mister—is there any liquor shop any where within a reasonable distance?"

"Yes, there's one a very short distance off, where you will be provided for"

"Wh—wh—what's the name?"

"The Pilgrim's Retreat."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the orator was bottled off to quod.

A CHANCE HIT.—A Rev. gentleman was riding along the road one day, and had on a cloak, which he wore when the elements without seemed to wage war and dispute their claims to superiority, of rather an extraordinary make and pattern, cape upon cape like the outworks in a regular fortification; so that when the rain had got possession of one fold, it had a fresh one to encounter. The winds were trying their full power to turn this tailor's barricade into ridicule, and were assailing the shoulder turrets in all directions, when an English gentleman came up, mounted on a very spirited horse, which had never been trained to such sights, and took alarm, and almost threw his rider. "Why, man," said John Bull, "that cloak o' yours would frighten the devil."—"Well," replied the minister, "that's just my trade."—*Laird of Logan.*

A humane chimney sweeper told a distinguished lady that he had superseded the use of climbing boys, upon the humane principle. "What do you do," said her ladyship to the humane man, "instead of using the boys?" "Vy," said the sweep, instead of sending a b'y up the chimney, I goes to the top of the pot myself, and having tied a string to the tail of a goose, I lets him down with a string; and then, my lady, he flaps, and he flaps away his vings, vich entirely cleans the sut out of the chimney altogether." "Dear me," says the sensitive Countess, "but that must be exceedingly painful to the goose." "Vy, said the amiable sweep, "so it is, my lady, vithout no manner of doubt—but if your ladyship is partikler as to a goose a couple of ducks vill do just as vell."

A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like.

She should be like a town's clock, keep time and regularity; she should not be like a town's clock, speak so loud, that all the town may hear.

She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to; she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.

She should be like a snail, keep within her own house; she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back.

NOT TO BE "DONE" TWICE.—A vagrant, who affected deafness, being brought before a bench of magistrates, resolutely refused to hear the questions that were put to him. At length one of the justices, to test the suspected prisoner, said to him, "You are discharged." "No, no!" cried the cunning vagabond, "I have been taken in that way before!"

An Irishman being upbraided with *cowardice*, said, he had as brave a *heart* as any man in the army, but his cowardly *legs* always run away with it.